John Carter Brown.

BOUND BY F. BEDFORD

Germain No. 938.

THE WARR IN NEW-ENGLAND VISIBLY ENDED.

King *PHILIP* that barbarous *Indian* now Beheaded, and moſt of his Bloudy Adherents ſubmitted to Mercy, the Reſt fled far up into the Countrey, which hath given the Inhabitants Encouragement to prepare for their Settlement.

Being a True and Perfect Account brought in by *Caleb More* Maſter of a Veſſel newly Arrived from *Rhode-Iſland*.

And Publiſhed for general Satisfaction.

Licenſed *November* 4. *Roger L'Eſtrange*.

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JOHN CARTER BROWN

NEW-ENGLANDS WARR *Visibly Ended.*

SIR,

IN my last, which I hope you received, I must acknowledge what I writ (though truth) yet I had not that comfortable satisfaction in my spirit, to give me hopes, that our publique Calamities were so near an end as now I have, which God in Mercy sanctifie to us, that we may see the Rod, and wherefore it is come.

We have been, and still are ready to put different Reflections upon the Murders and Spoils that have been made upon us by this Destructive War: Various are mens thoughts why God hath suffered it, all acknowledge it was for sin; many wish there hath not been some leaven of that spirit in the provocation for which we left *Old England*: I am in great pain while I write, to remember how severe some of us have been to Dessenters, making Spoil without pity, but God is teaching us Moderation.

That black cloud (God be thanked) begins to waste almost to nothing, which may not only give us an hopefull opportunity of repairing the Spoils made by our Barbarous Neighbours, but also deliberating upon the true causes of these great distractions: for now we have no visible appearance of an Enemy: Terrour is fallen upon very many, who come in dayly with submission, and the rest withdraw into places remote, hiding their weapons of War, and flying from Justice in small Numbers.

King *Philip*, who hath been a pestilent Ringleader, that had once three hundred men (Barbarously inclined) as I told you in my last, was reduced to ten, but now is killed, in this manner. He being hid in a *Swamp* on *Mount Hope-neck*, with his little Party, one of his *Indians* being discontented with him, made an escape from him, and came to *Rhode-Island*, and informed Captain *Church* a *Plimouth*-Captain of a Company that was in search after this said King *Philip*, (the Captain being at this time on the said Island, refreshing his men with Necessary Provisions) but understanding where King *Philip* was, and that he intended very speedily to remove far off, to provide his Winter-quarters, retaining still the same Barbarous spirit and purposes, without the least appearance of reluctancy or offers of Mediation, towards his surrender to Mercy; whereupon the

the said Captain and his company with some *Rhode-Island* men went in pursuit and search after him, taking an *Indian* Guide with them, and beset a *Swamp* where they heard he was, which was very miry; and the ground so loose, that our men sunk to the middle in their attempts, to come at this sculking Company, but all in vain, the passage was to difficult.

While we were thus beset with difficulties in this attempt, the Providence of God wonderfully appeared; for by chance the *Indian* Guide and the *Plimouth* man, being together, the Guide espied an *Indian*, and bids the *Plimouth*-man shoot, whose gun went not off, only flashed in the pan; with that the *Indian* look'd about, and was going to shoot, but the *Plimouth*-man prevented him, and shot the Enemy through the body, dead, with a brace of Bullets; and approaching the place where he lay, upon search, it appeared to be King *Philip*, to their no small amazement and great joy: This seasonable Prey was soon divided, they cut off his head, and hands, and conveyed them to *Rhode-Island*, and quartered his body, and hung it upon four Trees: One *Indian* more of King *Philips* Company they then killed, and some of the rest they wounded, but the *Swamp* being so thick and miry, they made their Escape.

This is the substance of this Enterprize, and the small remnant we left as inconsiderable, who must either fly up into the Country, or perish in the place.

There is one *Potuck*, a mischeivous Engine, and a Counsellour, taken formerly, said to be in Goal at *Rhode-Island*, is now sent to *Boston*, and there shot to death. One *Quonepin* a young lusty *Sachem*, and a very Rogue is now in Goal at *Rhode-Island*, who was there some years ago for his Misdemeanours, but broke Goal, and run away, and could never till now be laid hold on.

God be thanked, many *Indians* come in daily, and submit themselves with much dejection, crying out against King *Phillip*, and other ill Counsellors, as the causes of their Misfortunes.

The English go many of them now to their Old Habitations, and Mow down their Ground, and make hay, and do other occasions necessary for their re-setling: All which gives us comfortable hope, that God will graciously repair our breaches, and cause this Bloody War to End in a lasting Peace, So prays,

Your faithfull friend,

R. H.

FINIS.

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